

## Odd Bits of Nebraska Life

At Burwell there is a kindhearted young woman whose nervous system was completely upset at church last Sunday evening. And it was all because she obeyed the injunction of a benevolent nature and essayed to pick a raveling off the coat collar of a well dressed young man who sat directly ahead of her.

After remembering that she would be very grateful to anyone who would pick a raveling from the garments of her father or brother, were either of them to go to church with the minor irregularity unobserved, she decided to garner in the raveling, when the congregation arose to sing a hymn.

Carefully raising her hand, she gave a little twitch, but it was longer than she supposed, and a foot or more appeared.

Setting her teeth, she gave a pull and about a yard of that horrible thread hung down his back.

This was getting embarrassing; but determined, she gave it another yank and discovered that she was unraveling his under shirt.

Her discomfiture was so painful that chloroform would not have alleviated her sufferings nor a pint of powder hidden her blushes, when the gentleman turned with an inquiring look to see what was tickling his neck.

The Columbus Telegram boldly announces to the world that the men of science are undone. In proof of the assertion the Telegram avers that four catfish liberally adorned with scales have been captured in the Platte by Julius Ernst, who was engaged in dipping for minnows. Men of learning, says the Telegram, have always denied the existence of fish allied both to the catfish family and the scale tribe. Mrs. Ernst noticed the strange raiment of the fish while cleaning them, otherwise they would have been preserved and presented to the state fish commission. It is conjectured that the piscatorial curiosities are a cross between the wall eyed pike and the channel cats.

Nebraska turned loose a bumper crop and nowhere has there been such a yield as at Riverton, if local newspaper men are to be believed. One farmer drove into the field and cut his wheat with a binder. Hired help shocked the grain. When he finished cutting late at night he couldn't get out. He started to move the shocks but it was too much work. So he set to work to take the binder to pieces. In a field adjoining this a dog caught a rabbit in a manner most peculiar. The rabbit caught its head between the shocks and fell a victim to the rapacity of the dog that was running on top of the bunches of grain.

Louis R. Bostwick, formerly photographer for an Omaha paper, got strictly into it at Randolph, according to the Times. He accompanied the Omaha Commercial club on a recent trip and as the train pulled into Randolph he snapped his camera at the crowd on the platform. After this the photo man visited W. A. Hammond's studio and asked to use the dark room to change his plates. He went in and carefully closed the door, not knowing that a patent contraption on the outside was liable to hold him prisoner. When Mr. Hammond returned from hearing the band play he heard a lively commotion in his dark room and a series of yells that would make an Indian turn green with envy. Mr. Hammond hastily undid the fastening, when out popped the artist, hatless and breathless, his plates in one hand and plate holder in the other, and he struck out cross lots for that train like the evil one himself was in pursuit, reaching the train just as the signal was given to pull out.

The Hayes Center Republican knows just how seedless watermelons can be grown. This is the recipe:

"A correspondent wants to know how to raise seedless watermelons. After

the vines are about three feet long, cover the vine with dirt about one and a half feet from the end, and when it takes root, cut it off where it comes up. It is said that muskmelons, squashes, pumpkins and cucumbers can be made seedless in the same manner."

There is a man at Nebraska City who can account for the present cold weather. He declares that the volcanic eruptions in the tropics have blown the heated air afar above the region of perpetual snow. From the arctic regions cold atmosphere swoops down to reinforce the rarefied air. In proof of this theory he cites the fact that the past month was the coldest June in the history of the state.

At Davenport, E. Sedgwick mourns the loss of a favorite mare which undoubtedly grew tired of life and this world of whoa and committed suicide. The animal was in the pasture of W. H. Jennings. In the enclosure was a tank two and one-half feet deep and six feet in diameter. In this the animal leaped and held its head under water until death resulted. The mare had been removed from a shady pasture near the Blue river just a short time before.

W. F. Jenkins of Arcadia has a novel search on his hands. While campaigning in the Carolinas in the '60's he picked up a silver cup. He brought it to Nebraska after peace was declared and treasured it as one of his most valuable possessions. Now he wants to find the owner and he is advertising at a lively rate in the Atlantic Constitution and other newspapers dear to the hearts of the southern aristocracy. It is a hard problem and the chances seem to be against Mr. Jenkins.

The patent medicine fakir has visited Scottsbluff. Evidently the esteemed visitor was working his imagination

and pewter spoons and cheap physic to a fare-you-well. After quoting Carlyle to prove the eternal foolishness of man and observing the cupidity of humanity, the Republican makes a few bona fide offers. It is announced at the outset that the objects of the inducements are three in number: the good of humanity, the onward stride of the republican party and the financial uplifting of the editor's family. The prize offers for "clubs" follow:

For the largest club—The Burlington railroad's holdings inside the corporation, including depot, stockyards, tracks and right of way, section house and old ties and scrap iron.

For the second largest club—The First National bank, including building, furniture, money in safe, all notes held, and Cashier Morrill.

For the third—The public school house with three handsome school-marms.

This is the largest building in town and would make a splendid sugar factory, boarding school, orphan asylum, nunnery or most any old thing. We consider it about the best prize offered, taking into consideration the pretty schoolmams.

For the fourth—Scottsbluff, an imposing mass of earth, rock and rattlesnakes.

This is a valuable prize. Would make an attractive summer resort, if it had hotels, summer girls, dudes and a merry-go-round.

For the fifth—The Farmers' canal, beginning somewhere and ending nowhere.

A very valuable prize: worth 'steen dollars now and liable to be worth umptysteen in the soon pretty quick.

For the sixth—The bridge from Gering to Scottsbluff.

The winner of this prize can make it a gold mine by putting a tollgate upon it and collecting toll from the people from Gering and vicinity who come to Scottsbluff to trade. Besides the rake-



HARVEY D. TRAVIS.

Harvey D. Travis, of Plattsmouth, is one of the brainy young men in the eastern portion of the state. He was born in Ohio in 1853. He passed to the graduation point in the high school at Lisbon and afterwards attended Oberlin college. He was admitted to practice law at Lisbon. His ambitions kept pace with his education and in 1880 he went to Jacksonville, Florida, to find a home and build a practice. The good people of the south were entirely too slow for him, however, and after two years he came to Weeping Water, Nebraska, where he opened a law office and had a successful practice for eight years, removing to Plattsmouth in 1891.

He was elected twice county attorney of Cass county and proved an untiring defender of the county's interests. Harvey Travis is a good trial lawyer as well as a counsellor.

Mr. Travis was not always a democrat. He has views of his own on the political questions of the day and is a strong advocate of these beliefs. He left the republican party in 1888, becoming divorced from it on the tariff question, and has since been a democrat, but not of the re-organizing kind. Mr. Travis was selected as temporary chairman, and afterwards made permanent chairman of the recent democratic state convention at Grand Island, where he distinguished himself by delivering an address on political issues which has made interesting reading throughout the western part of the Mississippi valley.

The subject of this sketch has a lucrative law practice and enjoys the confidence and respect of all who know him and it is safe to predict that he will be heard from in the higher councils of his party in the state and nation. He was married in Jacksonville in 1880, has an interesting family of three children and a pleasant home in the city of his adoption.

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